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Harry Hayward, of Minneapolis, who induced Blinx to kill Miss Ging for the insurance on her life, is the second man found guilty by an American jury of murder in the first degree, committed through a hypnotized agent. The new defense, "I was hypnotically controlled," is thus fairly introduced into our courts. But, remarks the St. Louis Star-Sayings, the Supreme Court of Minnesota, following the example of the Supreme Court of Kansas in the Gray case, may refuse to let this verdict stand.

Says the New York Observer: The death of John Stuart Blackie removes one of Scotland's most interesting characters. While a loyal subject of Her Majesty of Great Britain and Ireland, he was pre-eminently a Scotchman, and opposed with decided earnestness all influences calculated to ignore or lessen the distinction between things English and things Scotch. His services to his own country have been very great; his influence for good upon the young men who have come in contact with him during his long professorship is beyond computation.

Since 1888 England has acquired the following islands in the Pacific: Gilbert group, thirteen islands; Ellice group, five islands; Union group, three islands; Kingman, Fanning, Washington, Palmyra, Jarvis, Christmas, Starbuck, Maiden, Vostok, Flint, Penrhyn, Dudosa, Rule, Coral, Gardner, Johnston, Danger, Suwaroff and Caroline islands. While American missionaries, sailors and commerce have been familiar in the Pacific islands in the last half century, no attempt has been made by the United States Government to annex any of them, remarks the New York Tribune by way of contrast.

Houseboats are gradually developing into a recognized feature of American summer life—west as well as east of the Rocky Mountains. The fashion has been imported in the last place from England; but its origin may be traced to China, India and other Oriental countries, a large proportion of whose population is born, lives and dies on these floating homes. The New York Tribune thinks it will doubtless be news to many that houseboats can be leased quite as cheaply as cottages for the hot months of the year, and that they offer many advantages, which are afforded neither by the country villa nor by the summer hotel to those in search of change of scene and air.

"The click of the American clock is heard around the world," says an English newspaper. We sell clocks to the value of nearly $1,500,000 yearly in the markets of the world. England is the largest buyer, taking almost one-half of that amount. We import directly to every country in the world but Turkey, Switzerland and Roumania. In Australia, China and Japan we have hardly any rivals in the clock trade. Not only are our clocks the best timekeepers in the world, but they exist in such great variety. Every sort of material is used—glass, ivory, pearl, plush, marble, metal, paint, porcelain. All sorts of devices are attached for special purposes. Clock making and hat making are two original Yankee industries. In the latter, states the New York Advertiser, we have not kept pace with some other countries, but in clocks we lead the world.

The St. Paul Pioneer-Press remarks: While the farmers of the Northwest are deploring the advent of the Russian thistle, a new forage plant, also of Russian origin, has made its appearance, which promises to prove such a blessing to farmers as to more than atone for the damage done by its pestilent compatriot. It is known as sacaline. It requires no cultivation. Once planted, it propagates itself in any soil, in dry, sandy, barren or in wet, alluvial swamps. It stands the drouth, for its roots strike deep. It drinks in the rain, when there is any, like a camel loading up for a journey through the desert. It is as nutritious as any of our grasses. It possesses a combination of remarkable properties, which adapt it wonderfully well for the conditions existing in Minnesota, and especially the Dakotas and beyond. Our impression is that the Minnesota agricultural college is trying it, or has arranged to try it on the State experimental farm.

A MAN'S THOUGHTS.

Work, there is work to be done,
A whole day's work in a day;
From the rising sun to the setting sun
Work for all who may.

And the prayer of the working hand
Is the prayer of the working head—
The clamorous prayer of the hungry land—
"Give us our daily bread!"

Fame, there is fame to be won,
A name that stands for a name;
The prize when the race shall be run;
And the honors a victor may claim.

Gold, and better than gold,
Power, and the world's good will;
And better than all a thousandfold,
An honest conscience still.

To suffer and know no shame,
To conquer, and leave no ban.
To live as giving, through praise and blame
Assurance of a man.

—Good Words.

THE "HIGH BALL."

THE hard times had made it necessary for the Mitchell Furniture Company to cut down the working hours of all of its employes. A little more than a year before two hundred tired men passed the timekeeper every evening at six o'clock, homeward bound. Now but ninety hands were employed, including the office force and boys, and work was over every afternoon at four o'clock.

The majority of the men whiled away the interval between quitting time and their supper hours in the stores and saloons, which surrounded the public square. Malchester had its public square, as every well ordered county seat should have, and the advertising leaflet, issued by the Malchester Improvement Society, contained a most alluring picture of it. There were also in this leaflet some fine "half tone" engravings of the court house, the new high school, Malchester's four stone churches, the stores of her leading merchants (who paid $25 "to defray the actual cost of preparing the engraved plates"), the new depot and the old round house of the Jacksonville, Malchester and Springfield Railway. The leaflet also called attention, in bold, red display type, to the fact that Malchester was a division point on the Jacksonville, Malchester and Springfield Railway, and that for over a quarter of a century from one hundred and fifty to two hundred employes of the road had made the town their headquarters.

One afternoon, as President Mitchell's stenographer, Frank Ashley, was tidying up the papers on his employer's desk, he came across the leaflets of the Malchester Improvement Society, and the display note about the Jacksonville, Malchester and Springfield Railway reminded him that it was high time to go over to the round house and hear a story which his old friend, "Commodore" Foote, the engineer of locomotive No. 92, had promised to tell him the next time he came around.

Now, even if the buildings in which locomotives are housed are universally called round houses, each one, I suppose, has its shady side. I remember the one at Malchester was so blessed, and here, at six o'clock, well out of the burning rays of a declining summer sun, on a portable and improvised bench, made by placing a broken freight car door on two discarded "draw heads," sat Foote and young Ashley. Jim Walsh, the fireman, was oiling, polishing, watering and generally preparing No. 92 for her approaching run. Presently the fireman had tipped the long snouted oil can enough to suit even the critical commodore, and, as if half in sympathy with the mechanism of his engine, the commodore's power of speech became lubricated, and he began:

"It's a true story. I knew Harry Powers, the engineer of old No. 47, before the war, when his wife was station agent at Malchester, and trains were run wholly by time table. There were no such things as telegraphic train orders in those days.

"Powers made his headquarters at Malchester, and his wife, being the station agent, the company let the family live in the upper story of the depot without paying rent. Powers and his wife and their little girl Elsie lived over the depot for fifteen years, 'hand running,' with the exception of about two months, when Elsie was sick with typhoid fever, and they hired a cottage up in the town, where she wouldn't be disturbed by the noise of engines and trains. It was shortly after Elsie had pulled through and they had all moved back into the depot again that the thing happened I am going to tell you off.

"Elsie was twelve years old then. The doctor said it would hasten her complete recovery if she was out of doors as much as possible, so almost every afternoon her mother sent her berrying.

"About a mile and a half down the track toward Millegeville, in a clump of woods, was a fine blueberry patch and here you could find Elsie almost every afternoon. She could fill her pail quickly there, and then she liked the woods anyway.

"One afternoon she had been slow, or the berries were not as plentiful as usual, for it was after six o'clock when she started for home. As she was about to leave the woods and strike the railway tracks she was suddenly confronted by three masked men. Now Elsie was weak and nervous from her long sickness, and when she realized that she was among robbers she fainted. The next thing she knew she was coming to, and instead of being murdered or robbed, was being tenderly held in the arms of one of the bandits, while the other two were busy sprinkling water in her face and fanning her with a piece of crumpled newspaper. She was so relieved to find that she had not been beheaded or cut into quarters, as the robbers were in Ali Baba, that her lips began to tremble some sort of thanks. But the minute she showed that she was conscious the robbers lost no time in telling her why they had taken such pains to bring her 'round.' She was to stay with them until eight o'clock, when the mail and express was due, and signal and stop the train at the Millegeville siding, a desolate side track half a mile down the track from where they were.

"A few minutes before eight o'clock a little figure sat on a big tie, at the switch, at the west end of the Millegeville siding. One of the robbers had a switch key and had turned the switch so as to throw the train off on to the siding. This in itself they reckoned would cause the train to stop. The signal lamp at the switch had been twisted around until it showed the white light of safety, and the gleam of the 'bull's eye' shed just enough light to show the robbers in ambush at the edge of the woods that their unwilling little accomplice was waiting and ready to give the signal which would give them the opportunity of robbing the express and mail cars of the most important treasure bearing train then run by any railroad in the State of Illinois.

"It must have seemed ages to those four watchers. At last, however, the rumble of the approaching train could be heard up the valley. As it flew through the sleepy little hamlet of Millegeville it whistled and the noise re-echoed against the quiet hills. To the robbers these sounds meant only the rapidly approaching chance of rich gains, but to Elsie, who had risen and was standing back a short distance from the track, those familiar whistle shrieks meant far more. They meant that her father's engine was drawing the train and that if he should recognize her in the dark all her plans would miscarry. However, there was no time left for speculation. Six eyes gleamed with satisfaction through three black masks as the little figure at the switch light began to slowly wave a white handkerchief as a warning signal to the approaching train.

"The infinite pleasure of having their well laid plans carry without mishap was felt by the robbers, as Elsie waved more and more furiously, and the engine could be distinctly heard shutting off steam and slackening for the stop. Then suddenly came a quick change. "Chu, chu, chu," came in quick succession from the locomotive, as her drive wheels slipped on the track and made a wild plunge forward. "Chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu," again came from the engine. What could it mean? The speed of the train was increasing instead of diminishing. Elsie was now signaling wildly, yet onward, faster and faster, came the mail and express. It entered the siding and flashed past the little figure at the switch light. Even the sudden unexpected swerve from the main line on to the siding had not diminished its rapidly increasing velocity. In a moment more it had passed from the siding on to the main line again, and the signal lights on the rear platform disappeared around a curve up the line.

"The robbers now left cover and came over to find Elsie in a faint, the second time that day. This time, however, they did not stop to bring her to. There was no time to be lost. She had done her full duty, fulfilled every promise she had given them. Certainly she was not to blame for the train not stopping. Little did those men know as they left her and disappeared in the woods that Elsie Powers had given her father that signal of safety universally known among railroad men as the 'high ball.' Only a railroad man, certainly no technically unsophisticated tramp or robber, could have told that those handkerchief wavings meant 'All right! All right! Come on full speed! Come on full speed!' instead of 'Danger!' and 'Stop!' From her earliest infancy, when she played train with the parlor chairs, Elsie knew well the whole code of technical railroad signals, and she also knew that unless her father recognized her at the switch his unquestioning obedience to the signals of the road would save the mail and express from robbery.

"Up in Chicago, on the desk of the President of the Jacksonville, Malchester and Springfield Railway, half buried under a sea of important letters and official papers, there is a little silver frame, containing a photograph of the little girl who, when only twelve years old, saved the mail and express from robbery at Millegeville siding. Each year, when the President inserts in his annual report to his Board of Directors 'For the efficient service rendered by all employes our acknowledgments are due,' he takes this picture in his hands and sits for quite a long time all alone, buried deep in thought. He knows Elsie intimately now, for she is the mother of his two grandchildren. Some of the society people up in Chicago shook their heads and said that President Roberts's son Harry was throwing himself away when he married Elsie Powers. 'But,' said the Commodore, as he arose and, buttoning his blue checked jumper, turned half round toward young Ashley, at the same time unceremoniously jerking his left arm toward No. 92, 'I tell you, she's as good and true as you'll find them anywhere in the world.'"—Chicago News.

A Horse That Eats Pie.

Leonard Jacobs, a pie peddler, has one of the most remarkable horses in Connecticut, says the Baltimore American. Others towns have boasted of horses that chew tobacco and chew gum, but Jacobs's horse will eat pie. The horse is twenty-three years old. Jacobs's pies come from New Haven, packed in cases, and in transportation some of them get broken and cannot be sold. One day Jacobs threw a broken pie on the ground near the horse's head. The animal smelled it, touched it with his tongue, lapped it up and ate it with a relish. Then Jacobs began to feed pies to the horse. The horse soon got to like them, and would even refuse oats when pie was to be had. The habit has grown on him, until now, when Jacobs says "pie" to him, the horse will turn his head and wink expectantly.

He has a decided preference for mince pies, and the more raisins and currants and cider there are the better he is pleased. Apple pie is not a great favorite with him. Most bakers put grated nutmeg into the apple pie, and that doesn't seem to agree with the equine taste. Pumpkin pie he likes, and cranberry tarts are an especial delight. Peach, apricot, berry and prune pies are acceptable, but unless the prunes are stoned he will not touch prune pie after the first bite. The horse is fat, slick and youthful in all his movements, and Jacobs expects to keep him on the pie cart until he is long past the age when most horses are turned out to grass for the rest of their days, or are carted to the horse cemetery by the side of the murky waters of the Naugatuck River.

TOBACCO GROWING.

TIMELY AND VALUABLE HINTS

Working the Crop. Implements Used and How. Caution.

The cultivation of the tobacco crop differs but little from that of any other crop, says the Southern Tobacco Planter, save that the soil must be stirred often and all grass kept out of the field. The tobacco plant grows rapidly after it gets a start, and is not in the planter's way very long. If the preparation of the soil has been thorough a few quick workings will see the crop large enough to take care of itself, and shade out all appearance of weeds and grass. For this article six successful planters have condensed their experience which is given below. The planter who follows their advice will not go amiss and will do full justice to his crop:

Col. Page, Iredell county, N. C., says: "Plant tobacco as soon as possible after the 1st of May. When my tobacco has taken a start to grow, I break out the middle of my rows and with hoes scrape around the plant, loosening the crust that has formed around the plant. The first plowing after this should be with a small cultivator, running as close as possible without tearing up the plant. After this plowing pull a little dirt to the plant. The next plowing should be with a cultivator running a little farther off from the plant. After this plowing use the hoe as before. The next and last plowing should be with a cultivator in the middle of the row. After this with hoes pat a good hill."

J. W. Groome, Guilford county, N. C., says: "Tobacco should be planted the first season in May, and in order to have good plants by that time the beds should have guano put on them before every rain, after the plants are well up—a small quantity—say a gallon to a bed of ten yards square. After your tobacco is planted it should be worked as soon as the bud turns green and the roots are beginning to take hold, but be careful and not shake the plant loose; if the plant is loosened it is apt to die in dry weather; do not plough to it the first time it is worked; if so you are apt to retard its growth. Tobacco should be worked three times, about two weeks between times. It has been my observation that early tobacco always sells for more money than any other; it will be easier cured than late tobacco."

J. M. McMichael, Summerfield, N. C., says: "Some eight or ten days after the plants are set out, or as soon as they begin to take root into the earth, the ground around them should be loosened or scratched gently to admit the heat from the sun and start the young tobacco to growing more rapidly. Harrows and hoes should be used in the first working, and afterwards larger plows and hoes may be used. Plowing and hoeing should be repeated every ten days or two weeks till the tobacco is large enough to top. Do not put too much bed to the tobacco or make the hills too high in hilling unless it be a wet season. If the land be left as level as possible in the last working the tobacco will suffer less from drought and will not 'fire' at the bottom of the plant. It is a good plan to plow tobacco just after a good rain, when the land gets dry enough to plow, and then put in the hoes, as it is less liable to be checked in its growth."

Colonel Davis, Hickory, N. C., says: "The cultivation of the tobacco crop, though thorough, should be superficial—that is to say, only the surface soil should be stirred, the subsoil being left intact. As soon as the plant has taken root, which is shown by its changing color, it should be worked with the hoe only by removing the crust of the hill and drawing loose earth around the plant. This destroys the crop of grass and helps to destroy the cut worm. But if the land between the rows has become foul, it should be plowed with bull-tongue or shovel at the first working. When the plants have covered the hills, say a breadth of twelve inches, they should be worked thoroughly with both plow and hoe. This plowing should be with bull-tongue or shovel, using short single-trees or shovel, and running it close to the plants, and throwing out the row with four or five furrows. If the land has become very foul, a turning plow is preferable. With the hoe all the surface soil should be drawn into hills around the plants as at first. This working is a lay-by with the plow, which should never be used after the plants have come to top. But later than this, should the land then become foul, it should be scraped with the hoe only. Any vegetation which springs up after the plant has attained its growth does not harm, but is beneficial rather in keeping the lower leaves from being sanded; but to the eye of the genuine farmer it is unsightly, and is disadvantageous if a wheat crop is to follow—it had better be kept down to the last."

Major Ragland, Hyco, Va., says: "It is important to commence cultivation soon after planting, to loosen the soil and start the plants growing. Just at this point many planters fail to do their duty, which no subsequent work can atone for. Early, rapid and thorough cultivation is necessary to produce first class tobacco. If the preparation has been thorough, thrice plowing, followed each time with a hand hoe, will suffice for the crop.

"For the first plowing no implement is better than the wing coulter, the next best, the cultivator or double-shovel with coulter points. The second plowing may be effectually done with the turning-plow or cultivator. If grassy, use the first. The last plowing is most effectually done—three furrows with single shovel, a furrow on each side, then splitting the middle with third and last furrow.

"Never scrape down" tobacco with the hoe without putting back on the hill or bed as much dirt as is scraped down. This will prevent baking, and save many plants should a dry spell follow the hand-hoe working.

"Any process which stirs the soil effectually and often, and keeps the plants free from grass and weeds, will constitute good cultivation, no matter how and with what implement done. Old land will require more work in cultivation than new, and dark grades more than bright. Short single-trees should be used after the plants are half grown to prevent tearing and breaking the leaves.

Another contributor says: "The plants are set by hand, whenever they are ready and the season suits. As soon as they show signs of living the field is plowed with side grabs or small shovels, running as close to the tobacco as may be done without covering it. This plowing is followed by the hoes, and in about ten days the second plowing is given with double shovels, throwing out the middle and giving a light mold to the tobacco. If there is any grass left the hoes follow the plows and where the plants are large enough small hills are drawn around them. The third plowing is done with straight shovels with cotton boards attached; as much dirt is thrown to the tobacco as possible, and if it has been well worked before, hoeing will not be necessary. If the tobacco is not too large, a fourth plowing may be given running a sweep through the middle, but if there is danger of breaking the leaves too much with the plow, a good hoeing, with flat hills drawn around the plant, will finish the cultivation."

The caution hinted at above in regard to breaking leaves when the tobacco is too large should be carefully considered. Careless hands can and often will do great damage to the crop, unless they are watched. It does not pay to use the plow when the leaves have grown a certain size, for the hoe can be made to answer all purposes. A little care along this line will save many pounds often of fine tobacco in a single field.

An Eclipse of the Moon.

An eclipse of the moon takes place when the body of the earth comes between the sun and the moon. The sun is at night time under our feet at the other side of the earth, and the earth throws a long shadow upward. If the moon enters into this shadow it is plain that the sunlight is partly or wholly cut off, and since the moon shines by no light of her own, but only by borrowed light from the sun, it follows that when the moon is buried in the shadow all the direct light is intercepted and she must lose her brilliancy. Thus we obtain what is called a lunar eclipse. It is total if the moon be entirely in the shadow. The eclipse is partial if the moon be only partly in the shadow. The lunar eclipse is visible to everybody on the dark hemisphere of the earth if the clouds will keep out of the way, so that usually a great many more people can see a lunar eclipse than a solar eclipse, which is only visible from a limited part of the earth.

Place a lighted candle at one end of the table and call it the sun. A yard away from the candle place a football and call it the earth. A few inches away from the football place a tennis ball and call it the moon. You will notice that the light from the candle shines on the football but not on the tennis ball, which is in the shadow of the football. In the same way the light from the sun at the time of an eclipse falls on the side of the earth turned toward it, but not on the moon, which is in the shadow of the earth. This is, therefore, a total eclipse, because the moon is entirely in the shadow of the earth.

In China the prediction of an eclipse is an important matter, as the lives of princes are supposed to be dependent upon them. In fact, an eclipse which took place in the year 2169, B. C., cost several of the Chinese astronomers their lives, as they had not calculated it rightly. It was considered high treason to expose princes to such a danger without forewarning them.

A Forty-two Inch Bride.

There was an unusually interesting wedding in Eastport, Me., recently, from the fact that the bride was one of the four Harris sisters, who are known all over the country on account of their smallness in height. Two of the sisters are only forty inches tall and the other two forty-two inches. They are all over thirty years of age, and the average weight of the four is ninety pounds each. Matilda was the one who was married. Esta and Mary Ann, it is said, are considering proposals of marriage.—Boston Herald.